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Literature

Russia through Danish Spectacles*

THE PHILOSOPHICAL student of literatures is a rare phenomenon in these days. Men make excursions into this or that field, swoop down upon (say) England like Taine, or Holland like De Amicis; a ripple of excitement is created in literary circles; and there is inevitable subsidence, reaction, and silence. No systematic effort is made to connect the physiological and literary phenomena of one nation with those of another; no philosophical explanation is given of the 'stream' and tendency of a given literary development or national life as reflected in the lenses of books; fragmentary excursions remain fragmentary; and we have such false judgments set up as those of Voltaire on the neighboring isle, such one-sided worship as that of Carlyle for Goethe and the Germans, and such false perspectives as those thrown before us by exclusive Emerson-worship or Danteolatry.

Rare exceptions to this spirit are Brownell's 'French Traits' and the present volume of Russian characteristics, the one construing in brilliant terms the temper, the social tendencies, the idiomatic genius (so to speak) of a great people independently of its literature; the other combining these in a rapid and forcible review with a refined analysis of a national literary art, an intellectual bias—a balancing of spiritual and poetic life in scales more delicate than a jeweler's. Dr. Brandes has long been known as the Scandinavian Taine. A Danish Hebrew whose life-work has been to study modern literatures systematically, in their connections, as a profession, as a sort of æsthetic *brod-und-butter Wissenschaft*. In this way he has given the public delightful volumes on English, French, and German literature of the nineteenth century. Geographically nearest, æsthetically most remote, the Russian has been left to the last—a great hazy, lazy intellectual phenomenon just over the border, just developing under our gaze, just rolling up on the modern consciousness like some great mass of cirrus-cumuli cloud quick with dartings and flashings and lambencies not seen in any other quarter of the horizon. Brandes is not a hermit-student, an attic philosopher, a philosophical recluse vowed to eternal celibacy of abstention from practical acquaintance with his subject. One charming feature of his method is that he goes and lives among the people he is analyzing: for the time being he is as thoroughly an Englishman, a German, a Frenchman as he can make himself; and his intellectual outfit is so supple, so cosmopolitan, so *simpatico*, as the Italians say, that he has but to put on his wishing-cap to transform himself from yellow Gaul to blonde Britisher, from sanguine Deutscher to *kwas*-loving Russ. In this way he fills his mind with an atmosphere of sympathy, he charges himself electrically with his theme, he fills up like a Leyden-jar with the subtle fluids and affinities of things; and his subject gathers and arrays itself about him like grains of sand mathematically arraying and arranging themselves according to musical law.

* Impressions of Russia. By Georg Brandes. Tr. from [the Danish by Samuel C. Eastman. \$1.25. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

In the present instance he took a three months' imbibition of Russia, imbued himself with Russian scenery and experience, dyed his very soul in the essences of that strange, sluggish, almost sinister life, studied peasant and prince, *mujik* and metropolitan, and made of himself a reservoir of 'impressions' invaluable to lovers of the truth. The combination of travel, anecdote, personal experience, and criticism such as is found in this book will introduce it to a wide area of readers. Keen discussion, trenchant observation, telling anecdote, and acute talk on every variety of topic abound. The great Russian Ursa Major is microscopically taken in by a sharp-eyed fly that has 'lit' on the end of its nose; and the final impression is that of a collection of studies made on the spot, made from the nude, made with a camera-like accuracy, made with impartiality and with artistic preservation of the proprieties. Thus he gives Russia in 1887, the slow-changing, many-nationed aggregation whose angles in one direction run sharp into quick-tempered Poles, in another blunt off into brutish Finns, in a third disappear in an undefined ocean of Great and Little Russians, or emerge far off on the frontiers into tall-capped Armenians or mustachioed Tartars. Over 150 pages are devoted to travel, to the nihilists, art, the press, the official world, the aristocracy, and peasant life, the author showing himself a most penetrating but kindly critic of all these forces. He then passes to Russian literature and sketches it with a firm but swift hand from the time when Ovid mythologized about the Scythians through the popular ballads to Lomonósov, founder of the modern literature, Derzharin and the classical school, Zhukovski and the romanticists, Pushkin and the emancipation of poetry, and those great Little Russians Gogol and Shevtchenko. Hitherto provincial, Russian literature became cosmopolitan with Tourguéneff—artist, philosopher, pessimist, liberator, effectively contrasted with the optimist Dostoyeffski, whose optimism even Siberian exiles and dungeons failed to extinguish. The great epic character of Tolstoi closes this book of fruitful studies—a character so complex, made up of so many things, so noble yet so simple—a much-enduring Odysseus tossed by many a sea, with a strength of nature and fancy, a power of divination, an energy of philanthropy combined with a singular fatalism that make of him the most interesting product not only of his people but of his age. The core of his teaching is a return to nature—not on all-fours, like Rousseau's, but uplifted and erect like that of Jesus. This was the man to whom Tourguéneff directed his last words written with a pencil, and whom when dying he addressed as 'my friend, the great author of Russia.'

Wallace on Darwinism*

IN THE HISTORY of the progress of science nothing more creditable to human nature has occurred than the relations between Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace. Their simultaneous conception of the most important of modern scientific theories, the magnanimous refusal of each of them to claim the priority, the still more magnanimous yielding of the younger to the older naturalist, and the firm friendship which arose between them and was maintained to the last, in spite of wide differences of opinion on important points, are facts which merit and have received hearty and general admiration. An equal respect for the men, however, has not blinded their admirers or the scientific public in general to the material unlikeness of their intellectual powers. Darwin is now universally held to have been one of those rare men of genius who arise at intervals to give a new impulse to human progress. His large grasp of thought, his profound insight, his tireless capacity for research, his clear inductive logic, his candid readiness to examine all objections, to acknowledge mistakes, and to admit promptly all the qualifications of his system required by any new evidence

* Darwinism: An Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection, with Some of Its Applications. By Alfred Russel Wallace. \$1.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.

were traits of character which marked him out for a great scientific discoverer.

Mr. Wallace, with all his varied talents and acquirements, holds a much less exalted position. As an observer and a describer he has few superiors. His works abound in interesting and important facts, set forth in a clear and agreeable style. But his reasoning powers do not match his perceptive faculties. His logic is often imperfect, and his deductions are frequently untrustworthy, and sometimes absurd.

His latest work has many excellences, with some serious defects. As a storehouse of scientific learning, well arranged and presented with the force and vividness which come from personal observation and which no mere compiler can attain, the volume must rank among the best of modern contributions to natural science. The chapters on color in animals and plants, and on the geographical distribution of organisms, are especially excellent. They are in the main summaries of the conclusions comprised in the author's previous works; but they have none of the usual dryness of summaries. They are readable and interesting throughout. The same, indeed, may be said of the whole work.

The great defect is in the author's incapacity for sustained logical reasoning. An observer with this mental defect becomes inevitably 'a man of one idea.' Mr. Wallace's one idea in evolution is 'natural selection,' resulting from the 'struggle for existence.' All other influences, by whatever authority or facts sustained, he puts contemptuously aside. He rejects the Lamarckian doctrine of 'use and disuse,' though it has been accepted by Darwin himself. He rejects Darwin's 'sexual selection.' He does not believe in the influence of the environment, nor yet in the 'physiological selection' of Prof. Romanes. The opinions of Spencer, Cope, Semper, Geddes, and other eminent physiologists and reasoners, are all set aside unceremoniously. We become conscious that the author, while courteously yielding precedence to Darwin, retained all the time the conviction that he himself was, and is, the one great light of the age in natural science.

It is not likely that any of those whose opinions Mr. Wallace treats thus slightly will be much disturbed by his objections, which are sustained rather by strength of assertion than by force of reasoning. In fact, the extraordinary character of the concluding chapter of the book may seem to dispense with the necessity of taking any of his arguments seriously. It is probably the most surprising chapter that has ever been put forth in any work of an author enjoying Mr. Wallace's reputation. That he is a votary of 'spiritualism,' of the modern 'Rochester rappings' kind, is a well-known and lamented fact. But that his devotion to this peculiar study should produce the singular jumble of absurdities which disfigure the concluding pages of this volume could hardly be anticipated. He assures us that he 'fully accepts Mr. Darwin's conclusion as to the essential identity of man's bodily structure with that of the higher mammalia, and his descent from some ancestral form common to man and to the anthropoid apes.' Furthermore, he admits that the mental faculties of man have been derived from those of the lower animals, up to a certain point. In savages and uncivilized races in general, as well as in the great majority even of civilized men, this derivation is apparent in regard to all their faculties. But there are certain special endowments, confined to a small number of individuals, 'fewer than one in a hundred,' which must have their origin in a higher source. These are the 'mathematical faculty,' the 'musical and artistic faculties,' and the 'metaphysical faculty.' These faculties, he considers, could not have been evolved by the struggle for existence, seeing that they would be of no use in a conflict of mere brute force; and consequently the 'motive power' which brought them forth must have proceeded from 'an unseen universe,—a world of spirit, to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate.' We learn, moreover, the bewildering fact that 'to this spiritual world we may refer the marvellously

complex forces which we know as gravitation, cohesion, chemical force, radiant force, and electricity.'

This description presents us with the vision of a truly Philosophic Paradise, which Swift might have invented for a Laputan heaven. As conceived by our author, the unseen universe is the source of mysterious physical forces, which issue from it to assist and perplex humanity; and its happy tenants, an elect few, are the disembodied spirits of illustrious mathematicians, artists, and metaphysicians—who, oddly enough, owe their immortality, by a sort of 'survival of the unfittest,' to the fact that their peculiar endowments were of no use in the struggle for existence which goes on in the material world.

If it is thought that Mr. Wallace's argument merits a serious reply, a very few words will suffice. According to the true Darwinian doctrine, the struggle for existence is constantly going on, in all stages of this mundane life, and in all grades of progress and culture. In this struggle the most powerful necessarily wins. Knowledge is power; moral force is power. All knowledge, all art (which is a form of knowledge), and all morality, are in some way or other useful. The higher that men rise in civilization, the more freely and forcibly do their finer faculties and accomplishments come into play, in this perpetual struggle. It was by its science and its art that 'captive Greece' subdued its conquerors. The nations which are most eminent in the abstruse sciences, the higher arts, and the nobler traits of character, are now governing the world by virtue of that very eminence.

It is much to be regretted that an author whose praiseworthy achievements in his own sphere have earned for him a distinguished reputation should have been led, by overconfidence, to attempt a task which was considerably beyond his powers,—that of revising Darwinism in an anti-Darwinian sense.

"Father Damien" *

THE STORY of a heroic life, removed from the common as much by its circumstances as by its nature, has stirred up an interest in the unfortunate victims of leprosy which it may be hoped will not subside until some practical steps are taken to restrict the ravages of the disease. The death of Father Damien de Veuster at Molokai, the leper settlement of the Sandwich Islands, on the fifteenth of April last, has brought out, in the first place, expressions of admiration as hearty as they are universal, and in England has led to a movement intended to initiate and support the study of the disease with a view to devising means of prevention, and probably of cure. That such a result should come from the labors in a small Pacific island of a foreign-born Catholic priest will be easily understood when it is remembered that British India is the chief known centre of the disease, the official report giving the number of lepers there at 135,000, while unofficial estimates put it as high as 250,000. The work which Father Damien accomplished at Molokai has drawn attention to this serious state of things in India, where, indeed, no individual self-sacrifice can accomplish much, but whence the disease may spread to European countries, as the plague and the cholera have so often done. If the movement started by the Prince of Wales and many of the best known men of all parties and sects in England succeeds in its main object, Father Damien's self-devotion will have been the means of bringing about a reform of worldwide importance. He will not only have been the apostle and law-giver of the little Hawaiian leper community led back to order and something like happiness by his ministrations, but will have been the deciding cause of legislation which may result in the complete stamping-out of the plague.

Father Damien (Joseph de Veuster) was born near Louvain in 1841. His brother, who had resolved on going to

* Father Damien: A Journey from Cashmere to his Home in Hawaii. By Edward Clifford. 75 cts. New York: Macmillan & Co.

the South Sea as a missionary, was prevented by fever; he volunteered instead, worked for seven years on others of the Pacific islands, and a permanent pastor being desired by his bishop for the lepers at Molokai, volunteered for that service, and began his special work in 1873. The settlement was without law and was ruled by the worst persons in it. The majority had no homes but huts covered with leaves or sugar-canes. Water was scarce and had to be brought from a distance. The native intoxicants were made and consumed in quantities. The progress of the disease was unchecked, and the rate of mortality, in consequence, very high. Mere self-abnegation could do nothing in such a case; it called for a strong will and administrative qualities of a high order besides, and these fortunately the pastor possessed. He erected good cottages and churches, destroyed the liquor-stills, and brought fresh water in pipes from a natural reservoir in the mountains. It was ten years before he contracted the disease, though he knew all along that it was only a question of time when he should do so.

The portrait prefixed to Mr. Edward Clifford's account of his visit to Father Damien last year shows little or no sign of the disease. It is that of a young-looking man, with broad forehead, deep-set eyes, powerful nose and chin. Mr. Clifford went to India in 1887 under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, and after a summer in Cashmere, where he found many lepers, returned to London and made his way to Honolulu *via* the United States. His book gives an account of both journeys, and as he is an artist with an eye for color and the picturesque, it is an uncommonly readable one. He makes several times the not uncommon mistake of airing his own small grievances and individual views, protesting against the inquisitiveness of Americans, and unnecessarily taking many pages to account for his remaining a Protestant though capable of appreciating the character and labors of Father Damien and his associates. But these blemishes detract little from the interest of his narrative. His descriptions of Hawaiian scenery, its green precipices and tropical forests, its lava-streams and lakes of fire, are very fine; and a short sketch of Hawaiian history puts its main facts in a more agreeable light than one would suppose possible, while leaving little of importance untold. The book is well printed and neatly bound in cloth. Besides the portrait after a sketch by the author it has a fac-simile of Father Damien's autograph.

"Micah Clarke"

WHEN you set out to tell a story, there is nothing like having a story to tell. But that of a fiasco, like Monmouth's rebellion, though it may serve admirably for a setting to a personal narrative, cannot in itself be otherwise than depressing. Whether one's sympathies be enlisted or not, and no matter on what side, a tale of hopeless struggle and defeat has in it nothing to attract and hold the reader, and the choice of such a background for a historical novel makes it absolutely necessary that the fictitious figures which come into relief upon it be strong and impressive, that the incidents invented for them by the author be numerous, consistent and picturesque. It was Keats, we believe, who justified the reading of long poems on account of the opportunities they offer to stray about in a wonderland partly of the reader's own creation; and the writing of them because of the test it affords of the author's invention. As regards the second count, an historical novel of the kind in hand must be the severest of tests, for fiction must jump with fact and yet overpower it; our sensibilities must not be harrowed nor our sense of probability too much strained; while the hero's cause fails, the hero himself must come off victorious. Mr. Doyle's success in 'Micah Clarke,' therefore, is more than a common one, and it is perfected by the evenness of his work. From the commencement we find ourselves among people of a stronger strain than usual—the old

Roundhead Clarke, his family and friends; and the series of exciting personal adventures through which the hero is carried begins before the beginning of the war, and is continued after its close to an acceptable conclusion. A good deal of reading must have been gone through to give the air of verisimilitude which is maintained throughout the book, yet nowhere do the details overmaster the main interest or description impede the action.

The character which has evidently been drawn with most care is the soldier of fortune, Decimus Saxon, a strange mixture of honor and hypocrisy, shrewd self-seeking and soldierly devotion. Among the Puritan fanatics he leads in psalm-singing and exhorting, but quotes 'Hudibras' with relish and acknowledges having turned Mussulman in order to escape from the Turks. When given shelter in an alchemist's laboratory, he plots to steal his host's treasures: yet he buys his companion, Micah, out of slavery when the latter is sentenced to the Barbadoes. He fights to the bitter end at Sedgemoor, and then uses his knowledge of meditated treachery on the part of one of King James's adherents to secure a free pardon and a command in the victorious royal army. He is a sort of Dugald Dalgetty, with less humor, more of the Roundhead, and an inborn love of stratagem and deceit which may be supposed to serve him well in the Indian warfare to which he is dismissed in the last chapter. Besides this redoubtable person we have the ruined man about town, Sir Gervas Jerome, who joins the rebellion to shake off his creditors, and who insists that his musqueteers shall wear cues and powder; the King's officer, Ogilby, who lets himself be taken prisoner while meditating over a problem of chemistry; the hangmen, who turn their business into a drama; and the highwayman who refuses to take sides in the conflict, but makes private war on his own account on a particular regiment of horse. The hero's chief traits are his gigantic size and strength and his ability to get into and out of scrapes—the last, of course, an invaluable characteristic in the hero of a novel.

The ground over which the events of the tale take us, half across the Southern tier of English counties, gives scope for many fine descriptions of natural scenery, of heath and marsh, forest and open country, and the rocky banks of the Severn; but the tale is told by Micah Clarke himself, and it is in keeping that reviews and drills, sermons and councils of war should get far more attention from him. The military science and machinery of the time appear to have been made the subject of considerable study by the author, and he certainly has an uncommon knack of describing a good old-fashioned hand-to-hand conflict of the days ere

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.

Recent Fiction

'THE LAST OF THE VAN SLACKS,' by Edward S. van Zile, opens smartly, progresses promisingly, begins to drag after the fourth or fifth chapter, and flounders through the mud of a badly managed illicit love-affair to a weak and marvellous conclusion. The patrician hero, Rutger van Slack, is described as to his exterior in a manner which leads us to expect something remarkable of him. His idea of deriving amusement from the purchase of a prohibition newspaper in a small country village and its conversion into an organ of the opposite party is not a bad one, and the chapters describing the negotiations that lead to the transfer of the property are the best in the book. But when Mr. van Zile makes his hero talk love, it has the effect of an exhibition of vulgarity in a quarter where it is not expected, and that effect is but deepened as one proceeds. There are some elements of reality about his innamorata, Yvonne Durkee, and her husband, but the other characters are little more than shadows. (50 cts. Cassell & Co.)—'THREE DAYS,' by Samuel Williams Cooper, is described on the title-page as a 'mid-summer love-story,' and is really a tale of watering-place flirtation as vapid as the majority of stories of its kind, though somewhat less vulgar, and leading to a serious moral. It is illustrated with pretty pen-and-ink sketches. (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

* Micah Clarke. By A. Conan Doyle. 45 cts. New York: Harper & Bros.

THAT TYPICAL eighteenth century romance, 'Manon Lescaut,' reaches us once more in a translation by Arthur W. Gundry and with Leloir's pretty vignettes divested of their rococo borders and set in the text instead of at the top of the page as in the French edition from which they are taken. It must be said that, in spite of poor printing, they still look very well in their new situation. The translation seems to be a good one. (Belford, Clarke & Co.)

MRS. BURNETT is said to entertain but a poor opinion of her first novel 'Vagabondia,' originally published as 'Dolly,' and now brought out, with the title which the author intended for it, to enjoy its share of her present popularity. If such is really the novelist's judgment on her work, we cannot share it, at least as regards the present revised version. We confess that we are not sorry to miss the storm and stress of her recent novels, and that we think the drollery and overflowing good humor of 'Vagabondia' a fair exchange for them. The male reader, at any rate, who does not fall in love with Dolly or Mollie, Aimée or 'Toinette, must be hard to please. But we are sure that all will be delighted to be admitted to that slipshod but otherwise charming household. (50 cts. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

AS A NOVELIST, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould has a pretty knack of making a mean character interesting by surrounding him with contrasts and foils of all sorts. In 'John Herring' the personage around whom the action really moves is not the good-natured but rather weak hero, nor his phantom-bride, Mirelle, but the vulgar swindler Trampara, whose sturdy vices are echoed in his son and daughter and in part explained by the natural perversity of the old savage Cobbledick, whom he makes his accomplice. The good people are all weak and comparatively weakly drawn, but have substance enough to set off the rascality of the Cornish adventurer and his family. The pictures of nature in the two southwestern counties of England are very good, and the story of Joyce Cobbledick's advances in civilization is well imagined and gives a philosophical interest to the book which will keep it in the reader's mind long after he has laid it down. The plot is novel, and the situations steadily become more exciting as one nears the end. (50 cts. F. F. Lovell & Co.)

PROF. HARDY'S 'But Yet a Woman,' whatever may be thought of its philosophy—and no one can say that it is either dangerous or shallow,—is at any rate a work of art such as few living English writers of fiction are capable of producing. As a story of French life it is probably the best ever written by an American. Though he nowhere abandons the point of view of his nation and race, yet his vision is singularly clear, and the picture which he limns is free from any sort of exaggeration. In the Riverside Paper Series, of which it is the third number, the novel as now reprinted will reach a wider public and add greatly to its author's reputation. (50 cts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—IT SHOULD BE EASY enough, one might suppose, to evoke a new 'religion' from the shreds and rags of religious belief retained by those who, for one reason or another, or for none, have turned their backs upon the more consistent forms of belief. All that should be necessary is that some one doctrine of sufficiently stout material be introduced on which to tack them. But the modern founder of a sect finds easier work yet; loquacity, a plentiful supply of big words, and a careful avoidance of terms associated with definite ideas will make of him or her a leader. We do not remember to have seen a better exemplification of this plan than 'The Right Knock,' by Nellie V. Anderson, in which the principles of 'Christian science' are explained with a lucidity which would not shame the great Mr. Keely. To make the wonderful 'facts' accounted for by the wonderful principles more easy of belief, the account of them is put into the form of a novel. We have never read a duller. (Chicago: Published by the Author.)

THE LIFE of the English cotton-spinning operative at the beginning of this century was far from a pleasant one as it is described in William Westall's 'Birch Dene.' The hero is a London waif, whose mother, sentenced to be hanged for stealing a child's cloak, value ten shillings, dies in the dock, and who, after a period of good fortune in being adopted and educated by a radical bookseller, is apprenticed by the parish authorities to a cotton firm at the Lancashire village of Birch Dene. The writer seems thoroughly well-informed as to all the details of cotton-manufacturing of the period, and his descriptions of the apprentice house, the factory, the counting-house and operatives' cottages provoke comparison with the factory life of our own time and country, in which many evils apparently insurmountable have been overcome, while others remain. In addition, the timid radicalism and stupid and bullying conservatism of the time are sketched for us, and we are presented with minutely finished pictures of social life and manners. The plot is

the good old one which requires the hero to be proven heir to a great property and to marry his employer's daughter, which he does in a satisfactory manner. (45 cts. Harper & Bros.)—IN THE SAME series is published Miss Braddon's 'The Day will Come,' with its landlords and heiresses, its priories and manors, Juanita in a glaring, copper-colored gown, tearing down peacock's feathers from the mantel because they bring bad luck, and Juanita once more in an old-gold Indian silk, neat little tan shoes, and stockings *couleur Isabelle*; Juanita in a cream-white tea-gown and 'Nita in a white peignoir; murder and a black cat, and Juanita in a gown of lustreless black silk, with a plain little white crape cap setting off her raven hair and pure white forehead. (45 cts. Harper & Bros.)

THAT GERMAN Gaboriau, Paul Lindau, contributes an exciting detective story to Appleton's Town and Country Library. The plot in 'Lace' turns on the stealing of what is known as the Lamoral lace, from a lady to whom it was entrusted by its owner. For certain reasons of her own she is at cross-purposes with the detective, who, however, finally discovers everything connected with the robbery. The translation does not show a complete command of the English language. In the red and gold cover of the same Library appears also Mr. Louis Pendleton's Southern novel, 'In the Wire-grass.' Negro peculiarities and a particularly incomprehensible sort of Negro dialect make up a great part of it. If the reader can make out Uncle Tony's manner of speech, he may learn from him a lot of useful knowledge about ghosts, leading up to the introduction of one of the principal personages of the story, a mysterious old man who has built himself a log cabin in a swamp full of alligators, wild turkeys and mosquitos. Carefully economized by the author, this mystery furnishes a motive force to the story through many chapters, even after the old refugee's death from swamp-fever. It is succeeded by another, related to it and to the hopes and fears of the pair of lovers, the growth of whose passion is followed from its first budding with peculiar Southern *naïveté*. (75 cts. each. D. Appleton & Co.)

THAT A NOVEL may be entertaining that has no plot, hardly any incident and very few characters is proved by 'Two Daughters of one Race,' by W. Heimbürg, translated by Mrs. D. M. Lowry. Helena and Carlotta von Werthem are the two daughters in question. Helena tells the story; but it is her sister whose selfishness and caprice, pride and recklessness make it. The two girls with their grandmother, reduced to poverty, are befriended by old-time acquaintances, the Von Rodens. Helena falls in love with Fritz von Roden and he with Carlotta; but Carlotta marries a princeling from whom she has to be divorced 'for Court reasons'; Fritz goes to the war in France, comes home wounded, and recovers from his wound and his passion to conceive a new one for Helena. Carlotta also marries again, this time an Austrian baron—and that is all. But the pictures of the simple and refined home life of the Von Rodens; the glimpses of the ridiculous little court of Rotenburg, with its castle finished in the style of the first French Empire; the pranks of the young prince with his tight-rope dancers, his elephant and his actors leave not a dull page, and the reader soon begins to feel some regard for the stupidest and least respectable of the persons to whom he is introduced. The book is issued in handsome style by the American publisher, but with illustrations of very little merit. (\$1.25. Worthington Co.)

WITH MUCH of the air of those wonderful efforts of genius written to advertise a summer resort and pay for a season's board, 'Cloud and Cliff,' by Willis Boyd Allen, has some merit, as a scrapbook record of adventure, more or less amusing, in the White Mountains. It is illustrated with pen-drawings of hotels and show places, and is more readable than, and probably quite as useful as, an official guide to Mount Washington can be. (\$1. D. Lothrop Co.)—'MERLE'S CRUSADE' is that of a healthy but penniless English woman against English caste feeling as embodied in the relatives who have given her a home and wish to prevent her earning a living for herself in her own way. The story wears its moral on its sleeve, but it is none the worse for that. Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, who is the author, preaches sound doctrine openly, and if not eloquently, yet acceptably. There are a few illustrations. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'UNCLE PETER'S TRUST,' by name Joe Stetson, saved by the old fisherman from a wreck, goes to sea, demeans himself gallantly, and wins the Victoria Cross. His story is told by George B. Perry, and is illustrated with woodcuts. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)—A MODERN salt water yarn, of the cabin not of the fore-castle, of the skipper in his shore-clothes and the broker in broadcloth and slippers, in which Jack Tar keeps his distance and the passengers come to the front,—such is Julius A. Palmer's 'One Voyage and its Consequences.' The principles of banking

are gone into quite as far as those of navigation; and though the 'White Fawn' takes us through the Mediterranean, we never feel ourselves out of the atmosphere of Boston wharves. The story involved is of the slightest. (\$1.25. D. Lothrop Co.)

HE WHO WOULD make the acquaintance of a British lord, a mysterious man who ignores the request of a young minstrel for a half-penny yet saves a half-starved match-vender from the hoofs of a fiery charger; he who would pass his hours in English or in German castles hearing Stanleys swear by Jupiter and Von Steiners talk French, let him open Miss Irene Farrar's 'On the Rock' and peruse its nine long chapters headed with quotations from Milton, Goethe, Locke and Shakspeare. He will find in it a plentiful lack of worldly knowledge and much evidence of ill-digested reading. (Atlanta, Ga.: J. P. Harrison Co.)—A LOST CAUSE always furnishes an advantageous background for the romancer, which may account for the many novels whose heroes are Scotch Jacobins or French Protestants or men who wore the grey in our late unpleasantness. 'How they Kept the Faith' by Grace Raymond is a story of the oft-told-of Huguenot troubles in Languedoc. It is more than usually well-written and interesting and its polemical tone only makes it seem the more a product of the time it describes and removed from the peaceful and indifferent present. (\$1.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

Magazine Notes

MR. G. W. CHILDS'S 'Recollections' in the August *Lippincott's* deal with Dickens and describe the manuscript of 'Our Mutual Friend,' now in the writer's possession. Wilkie Collins, and the Duke of Buckingham and his chapel of cedar and gold at Stowe, also come in for mention. Mr. Childs was invited to church, and on asking for the Ducal pew was shown into that of His Grace's servants. From England he takes us to the Continent, and in short order home, and gossips about Dom Pedro, Judge Packer and Joaquin Miller. B. Macgahan gossips, too, about the Russian painter Verestschagin and his work, comparing him to the novelist Dostoyeffski, who has been said to have a 'cruel talent.' As regards Verestschagin, 'the cruelty of the talent is there,' says the critic, 'and cannot be gainsaid.' 'Floods and their Causes' is the title of a timely article by Felix L. Oswald. W. G. A. Bonwill, in telling us why he denies evolution, makes 'claims' enough to secure him a place in a lunatic asylum. He appears to be a dentist, and his argument is that since he can make a good working jaw without evolution, the Creator may have done so too. Of the three or four short articles on literary subjects with which *Lippincott's* usually winds up, Julian Hawthorne's, on 'French Propriety,' is the most piquant. It is not only the case, he thinks, that much that is improper in English is proper enough in French, but he is sure that if French novelists generally would write only such novels as M. Zola's 'Le Rêve' and M. Ohnet's 'Antoinette,' our own so-called 'erotic' school would be stimulated to greater productivity. William S. Walsh has some curious notes about theatre footlights; Melville Phillips asks 'Where is Mr. Stevenson?' and answers that he is at the head of English writers of fiction; Judge Tourgée's 'With Guage and Swallow' is continued; the poetry of the month is by Daniel L. Dawson, Walton Learned and Dora Read Goodale; and, the novelette, 'An Invention of the Enemy,' which may be described as a tale of the Patent Office, is by William H. Babcock.

The illustrated part of *The English Illustrated* consists of a frontispiece, 'The Card-Players,' after the picture in the National Gallery attributed to Nicolas Maas; an article on the fine old Elizabethan mansion Aston Hall, whose carved newels, strap-work ceilings and curious gables are shown in clever woodcuts; portraits of living English generals and of Lord William Beresford in Archibald Forbes's account of how 'Bill' Beresford won his Victoria Cross; and the pen-and-ink drawings accompanying Mr. Theodore Child's chatty article on 'Outdoor Paris.' Mr. Forbes's narrative is an account of old-fashioned British bravery and self-abnegation, the hero—or rather heroes—being Irishmen. For the rest, 'The Better Man' and 'Sant' Ilario' are continued; 'Charles Dickens as an Editor,' by the novelist's son, introduces several letters written to contributors and others connected with *Household Words*; and H. D. Traill in Et Cætera talks of obsolete fruits, as the mulberry; of modern writers of verse, who are 'absolutely not to be discriminated from poets'; of lawn-tennis, muzzles, and the ethics of keeping a dog.

Edward Bellamy's 'Socialism and Boston's liability to crazes come in for two full pages of the August *Current Literature*; Maurice Thompson, T. W. Higginson and the American writer of fiction for two more; the number of words in the Bible and other great books, and the number of manuscripts received in the year by our

leading publishers, furnish matter for still another leaf. William Ernest Henley's pen-portrait of Robert L. Stevenson—

Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably—

forms part of the General Gossip. There is a 'Cluster of Sonnets' and a collection of poems in a minor key, of 'Sorrow, Sentiment and Tenderness'; also one of 'Poems in Dialect,' and many other collections well arranged for the scrap-book.

The Lounger

LITERARY COINCIDENCES of one kind or another are as common as coincidences in matters of real life; and yet they are not so common as to pass without comment 'uttered or unexpressed.' When Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Prince Otto' was published, the points of similarity between the career of its hero and heroine and that of the Servian King Milan and Queen Natalie (whose domestic infelicity was just then a matter of universal gossip), were so many and so striking, that I was impelled to draw attention to the coincidence in *THE CRITIC*. Last spring, when that veteran of the waxed floor and supper-room, Mr. Ward McAllister, was eclipsed if not permanently extinguished by the Centennial Entertainment Committee, Mrs. Barr's novel 'The Last of the McAllisters' appeared at the moment of his completest obscuration—the moment of 'totality,' as the astronomers term it. Still more recently 'The Last of the Thorndikes' trod close upon the heels of Mr. Thorndike Rice's death. And now a new book of Mr. Stevenson's lends special interest to a story that comes from Pittsburg, Pa., of the adventures of a human body encased, if not in 'The Wrong Box,' at least in a very singular one.

'MISS MADGE CRAWFORD, late of Kittanning, this State,' so the press despatch began, died in Rome of the Roman fever toward the close of June, and, as the law required, was interred there. The casket in which her remains were enclosed was placed in a spacious semi-public receiving-vault, beneficently built by the mother of an American who had died in the Eternal City some time before under similar circumstances. Subsequently the young lady's brother, aided by American friends, spirited the casket away under cover of night to a quiet building in the neighborhood, and there encased it in two large boxes. Each of these was carefully sealed, and the entire package covered with bamboo. A placard reading 'Fragile: Handle With Care' having been tacked upon it, the case was then shipped by rail to Naples. It was represented that it contained plate-glass, and as such it passed through the Neapolitan Custom House. But it was learned that such freight could not be taken on board the passenger steamship on which Mrs. Crawford and her son had secured passage, and at the last moment the box had to be put upon a freight-ship bound for New York. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford reached Kittanning on July 20, but the freight-ship Australia was not due at this port till last week.

THE NATIONAL FLOWER controversy still rages. 'Why,' writes Mr. Maurice Thompson from Crawfordsville, Ind.—'why may not the Tulip-tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*), sometimes called white-wood, but more generally yellow poplar, give us our longed-for national flower? The plant is a magnificent tree (and the bloom is superb) growing over nearly the whole of the Eastern United States—that is, from the Lakes to the Gulf and from the Atlantic coast to some distant line west of the Mississippi River. It is a lone genus with but a single species, an out-standing independent giant of the magnolia family, isolated, like America, from its kindred, and as symmetrical as it is grandly beautiful. The flower is a large, bell-shaped cup of six gold-green petals dashed with soft, reddish, sun-set orange, in the centre of which rises a pale green cone surrounded with long stamens whose elongated anthers are heavy with golden dust. This splendid bloom is set in the midst of rich glossy leaves whose large size and unique outline distinguish them as notable and striking. Audubon, I think, figured the flower of the Tulip-tree on the same plate with the Baltimore oriole, because the bird and the bloom have very similar color-markings. Let me present the claims of my tree in short form: 1. It is the noblest plant in America. 2. There is but one species. 3. It is eminently historic in that its wood has been used, from the earliest period of our colonial life down to the present time, in building and furnishing our homes. The fences, stables, barns, houses, even the 'sugar-troughs' of the pioneers were made of it. 4. The flower is nobly beautiful in composition, line, color and texture, and has the added quality of keeping bright and beautiful for a week or more after being cut. 5. There is no other native flower at all like it, and its sole habitat is America. The Goldenrod ought not be considered in this connection. It is a composite and presents eleven species, mentioned by Gray, but nearer eleven times eleven

in fact, to confuse us withal. The Goldenrod of one State is very different from what may be the Goldenrod of another State. That seen by Mr. Kirk Munroe on the Florida Keys is by no means the Goldenrod of Ohio, nor is this latter the Goldenrod of Alabama, while that of the Pacific slope is still different, with all manner of variations between. Like the whole composite family, this group of plants delights in fickleness of growth, form and color. Sometimes its flowers are white!

'SURELY,' Mr. Thompson continues, 'Mr. Munroe does not speak as a botanist, or even as a close observer, when he says: "All our violets that are worth having are importations and almost exotics!" From Michigan to Florida the violet, of one species or another, is native, often large and brilliant, and is more than worth having: it is the charmingest little bloom in the world; but it would not serve as a national flower, because of its many varieties and its differences of color. Certainly, however, the American violets are far more beautiful than the European species. For one reason, if for no other, it would be a blessing if the Tulip-tree's bloom should be chosen as our national emblem, as it would force us to preserve the noble and beautiful tree by planting it everywhere. It is a plant of rapid growth, and blooms profusely when from ten to fifteen years old.'

MY READERS may remember the stupid mistake to which Prof Boyesen called my attention a few weeks since, the slip by which I spoke of Henrik Ibsen's plays as being written in Swedish. The dramatist is, as I well knew, a Norwegian; and as Mr. Boyesen, who is of the same race, pointed out, the literary language of Norway, so far from being Swedish, may be said, despite Norwegian reluctance, to be in reality Danish. Interesting in this connection is the following paragraph from Henrik Jæger's annual summary of Norwegian literature in a recent number of *The Athenæum*:

During the 400 years that Norway was united with Denmark, the old Norwegian language gradually ceased to be used in literature, at church, and in the law-courts, and continued only to exist as the spoken language of the peasantry. The new written language of the country became essentially the same as modern Danish. Since the separation from Denmark (1814) the written Norwegian language has, little by little, acquired greater independence, and several purist schools were founded with the object of making the language completely national. One of these schools intends to carry out its object by entirely throwing over the present written language, and creating a new one on the basis of the various dialects of the peasantry. Garborg belongs to this school. Another school proposes to go less radically to work; it will retain the present language, and only work for its gradual development as a national language by adopting the best words of the various dialects, by introducing a more phonetic spelling, &c. To this school, which is gaining ground year by year, Björnson belongs. It would, undoubtedly, already have been victorious if it had not been for the able opposition of Garborg; but several of his old supporters are falling off, and he himself is not so consistent in practice as in theory. Two of his latest books are written in the usual language, which he so much condemns. Both he and Björnson have in the course of the year published pamphlets on the subject.

THE WORLD MOVES. On Friday, Jan 29, 1886, President Lowell of the American Copyright League, addressing the Senate Committee on Patents, remarked that there seemed to be a feeling that books, like umbrellas, were *ferè natura*. From the columns of a recent New York daily newspaper, I clip this item of local intelligence:

In the Essex Market Police Court this morning A— W— made a charge of highway robbery against J— P—, and the accused was held in \$1000 bail. Yesterday afternoon, while W— was walking through Allen Street, with an umbrella valued at \$12 under his arm, he was suddenly seized by P—, who took the umbrella and ran away. 'The accused was held in \$1000 bail!' That is the cream of the paragraph. So umbrellas at last are recognized as property. In time, let us hope, even books will be regarded as something better than wild beasts. In time the law may protect the American author against robbery abroad and dishonest competition on his native heath.

GREAT wit to madness nearly is allied.

Sometimes, of course, —not always. There was Shakspeare, for instance. Ben Jonson, his contemporary, realized his greatness; Milton eloquently admitted it; even Dr. Johnson, who couldn't tolerate 'Lycidas,' was strongly impressed by the gentle Elizabethan's genius. And, better still, the Wild Westerner, who knew nothing of the author of the play that had enchained his interest beyond any other that he had ever seen, saw that there was something in it quite out of the common, and predicted a career for the playwright, if only he would study hard and let whiskey alone.

But there are other instances of men of keenest wit, minds of the highest imaginative powers, equally free from taint of 'madness' — 'exceptions' so numerous as to 'prove the rule' untrue. Nowadays we hear less than of old about the insanity of men and women of genius. Perhaps because there are fewer of them than there used to be; perhaps because the tendency of 'great wit' is to turn more than of old to the consideration of purely mundane and material things. Whatever the reason, there is less popular distrust to-day than there was a hundred years ago of the mind attuned to higher harmonies than those of the stock-exchange or the police-court. If we find a man questioning the sanity of the man of imagination, we may put him down as himself unbalanced. I should have very serious scruples about calling in, to attend anyone whose life I valued, the 'expert' called to testify for the contestant in a recent will case, who testified that the testator was demented because she was a poet in a small way.

He based his opinion partly on the fact that Miss C— had occasionally written poetry. He thought that all poets were insane, more or less. Milton and Walt Whitman, he always thought, were insane. From all he had heard of Shakspeare, however, he believed he was a man of considerable ability.

Boston Letter

MIDSUMMER dulness is upon us in literary matters; publishers are withholding new books till the autumn, and readers are obliged to fall back upon the myriads of volumes which they have not read. This is perhaps less a misfortune than it seems to the craver for literary novelties, who is likely to find among books that have been out for years as much cheer as he could expect in those fresh from the press. Hazlitt's complaint that new books are like made-dishes in being generally little less than hashes and *refaccimenti* of what has been served up entire and in a more natural state at other times, may comfort readers—if there be such nowadays—who like literary fare of classic plainness and simplicity.

The ordinary circulating libraries here in Boston do not have the summer patronage which they enjoyed before social entertainments had encroached on the time once devoted to reading at mountain and seashore resorts. Visitors get such books as they want at these places at the hotels there. The more favored Bostonians who have estates of their own near the city depend for their supply of reading-matter upon the library of the Athenæum, which allows six books to each subscriber. On the fashionable north shore, in places like Beverly Farms and Manchester, reading-clubs are in vogue this summer, so that the element of sociability is made to vary the enjoyment of conscientious Bostonians who feel bound to keep up their intellectual activities in warm weather.

It is a noteworthy fact that the patronage of the Boston Public Library has been exceptionally large for the summer, the attendance of readers and the circulation of books being nearly up to the average of the spring months. The upper hall of the library, which is patronized by students and investigators of literature, art, or science, is the only department which shows the usual falling-off at this season. Of course, light reading is the rule in warm weather, but with the coming of autumn attempts are made by the library attendants to influence young readers to take out books of a solid character. This summer the limit of age entitling persons to cards has been reduced from fourteen years to twelve.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish early in the autumn 'The Life of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe,' by her son Rev. Charles Edward Stowe. The book is to be published by subscription. It is practically an autobiography, and contains a good many touches of humor and pathos in connection with the author's experience. How she came to write 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is told in an interesting manner, and letters from friends in England add to the attractiveness of the work.

The same firm will bring out in September 'The Reconstruction of Europe,' by Harold Murdock, a member of a Boston banking-house who has made a study of the history

of modern Europe with especial reference to the loss or acquisition of territory by the various powers during the last forty years. It sketches the great contests which have changed the territorial relations of nations, and the various treaties that have settled their boundaries since the *Coup d'état* of Napoleon III. The book, which is illustrated by a dozen maps, is very interesting as well as instructive.

American Religious Leaders, a series of biographies of men who have had great influence on religious thought and life in the United States, will be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin Co. in the autumn. Of the number thus far announced it will be seen that care has been taken to secure the most competent writers for the various subjects. These are as follows: 'Jonathan Edwards,' by Prof. A. V. G. Allen; 'Francis Wayland,' by Prof. James O. Murray; 'Charles Hodge,' by Pres. Francis L. Patton; 'Wilbur Fisk,' by Pres. George Prentice; 'Archbishop John Hughes,' by John G. Shea; 'Theodore Parker,' by John Fiske; 'Dr. Muhlenberg,' by Rev. W. W. Newton.

The next volume in the American Statesmen Series which will be published in the autumn by the above-mentioned firm, is 'Benjamin Franklin,' by John T. Morse, Jr. The author deals with his subject in connection with public affairs, as his career as a literary man was sketched by John Bach McMaster in a volume of the American Men-of-Letters Series, issued about two years ago. The fact that two biographies of Franklin have been written from these different standpoints illustrates his many-sided character, and Mr. Morse, whose lives of John and John Quincy Adams and Thomas Jefferson are so favorably known, has performed his work with signal success.

Other books to be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in the autumn are 'A Rambling Lease,' by Bradford Torrey; 'The Struggle For Immortality,' by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; 'A Summer in a Cañon,' by Kate Douglas Wiggin; 'Essays on the Constitutional History of the United States,' by J. Frank Jameson; De Quincey's 'Confessions of an Opium Eater,' and Thoreau's 'Walden,' the latter in two volumes in the Aldine style. Hawthorne's delightful 'Mosses from an Old Manse' is to be brought out immediately as an extra number of the Riverside Paper Series, called Extra Number A. Several unauthorized editions of the book have lately been issued in a garbled and imperfect form.

The plan of cataloguing their publications by classes has just been adopted by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in order to give buyers information about the kind of books they would like to read. Three of these descriptive catalogues, comprising respectively biographies, travel and description, and novels and stories, have already appeared.

Roberts Bros. will publish about Oct. 1 Louisa May Alcott's 'Life, Letters and Journals,' edited by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, a life-long friend of her family. Having seen the advance-sheets, I can say that this is an extremely fascinating book, as it is written with a delightful unreserve. The letters and journals here published were never intended to reach the public eye, and they exhibit the feelings and experiences of the author with singular naturalness and vivacity. Each of the twelve chapters is prefaced by an original poem written about the period described. The history of the Alcotts—their trials, privations, and successes—comes out vividly in these pages, which give the key to the author's literary as well as practical work.

Bronson Alcott's dietetic views color these epigrams in his daughter's Journal: 'Vegetable diet and sweet repose. Animal food and nightmare.' 'Pluck your body from the orchard; do not snatch it from the shamble.' 'Apollo eats no flesh and has no beard; his voice is melody itself.' In what she calls her 'sentimental period,' beginning at seventeen, Miss Alcott had a mania for the stage, and one of her plays was brought out at the Howard Athenæum. She kept school at twenty, and went out to service for two unhappy months as 'second girl.' Here is a record, about the same

time, of her early literary ventures: 'I sent a little tale to the *Gazette* and Clapp asked H. W. if five dollars would be enough. Cousin H. said yes, and gave it to me with kind words and a nice parcel of paper, saying in his funny way "Now, Lu, the door is open; go in and win." So I shall try to do it.'

Mr. Wm. H. Rideing will pass his August vacation with his wife at Sorrento on Frenchman's Bay, opposite Mount Desert, where Henry Bernard Carpenter is staying.

I propose to join the army of vacation takers and give readers of THE CRITIC a 'rest' from my letters till the latter part of September.

BOSTON, August 5, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

Memnon

WHY dost thou hail with songful lips no more
The glorious sunshine?—Why is Memnon mute
Whose voice was tuned as is the silvery flute
When Thebes sat queenly by the Nile's low shore?
The chained slaves sweat no longer at the oar,
No longer shrines are raised to man and brute,
Yet dawn by dawn the sun thou didst salute
Gives thee the greeting that it gave of yore.

What secret spell is on thee? Dost thou wait
(Hoping and yearning through the years forlorn)
The old-time splendor and the regal state,
The glory and the power of empire shorn?
O break the silence deep, defying fate,
And cry again melodious to the morn!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Literature for Women

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

There is one noteworthy change in the spirit of our literature that I have not seen commented upon. This is the almost entire disappearance of the distinctively woman's novel. I refer to such books as 'The Wide, Wide World' and 'The Lamplighter,' to the novels of Miss Sewell, Miss Yonge, Grace Aguilar, Miss Warner, Miss Pickering, and Mrs. Grey. The last two of these writers who once were very popular are now absolutely forgotten. The domestic semi-pious character of these books, which to men seemed trivial and empty, were the intense delight of the feminine mind thirty or forty years ago. Nothing of this kind has come from the press within recent years. Women still constitute the majority of novel-readers, but this special catering to their domestic tastes has ceased. None of the great recent successes, for instance, are specially feminine in character. 'Ben Hur' is a robust novel, which derives much of its success from the brilliant description of a chariot race. 'Robert Elsmere,' 'John Ward,' 'Dean Maitland,' the novels of Marion Crawford, of Hardy, of Black, appeal as much to the masculine mind as to the feminine. Haggard's novels are distinctively for men, and Howells's stories, although lacking in robustness a little, do not find better appreciation with one sex than with the other.

And then look at the remarkable change of base on the part of the magazine conductors. Forty years ago the leading magazine was *Godey's Lady's Book*. This periodical was filled with fashion pictures, and stories supposed to be adapted by virtue of their domestic imbecility to the taste of the women of the period. The *Ladies' National Magazine* was similar in character. *Graham's Magazine*, although supposed to be edited for masculine readers, differed but little from *Godey's* in the nature of its selections, but omitted fashion-plates. When *Harper's Monthly* came upon the field, it addressed itself to all classes of readers, but in its short stories it had an eye to the supposed taste of women readers, and it was thought necessary to further gratify this class by a fashion department at the end. To-day our magazines if anything make their selections more noticeably for men than for women. The *Century* has made War papers its principal feature. Russian travel takes a large place; and all other papers are addressed to cultivated tastes without regard to sex. The same is true of *Scribner's Magazine*, which makes articles on the railways, on electricity, and on other wholly practical subjects its main features. The short stories in these magazines are no doubt more generally read by women than by men, but they are not selected with this fact in view, but solely as to certain literary qualities that know no sex. In

Harper's there still lingers, perhaps, a little of the old tradition in its short stories, in which a domestic flavor is preferred.

What is the cause of this change? Has feminine taste undergone a revolution, or have men taken a dominant place among readers. Is it a step toward the final abolition of sexual differences which we so often hear prophesied? I am unable to answer the questions that I ask, and must content myself, therefore, by pointing out an evolution which I think has not been heeded.

NEW YORK, July 28, 1889.

O. B. BUNCE.

The Washington Memorial Arch

The fund has increased since our last report to \$47,018.91, the contributions from July 31 to Aug. 6, inclusive, being as follows:

\$49:—Forty-nine readers of *Commercial Advertiser*, \$1 each.

\$39:—Members of the Salmagundi Club.

\$25:—'A friend.'

\$8.50:—Members of Company H, Eighth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

\$1:—'S.'

THE *Herald* puts in this timely word for the Arch:

New York should not forget that the lovely white arch to the memory of George Washington is still in ghostland. The fund amounts to about forty-seven thousand dollars and contributions are coming in slowly. While doing honor to Columbus we must not forget the founder of the Republic. The liberator made glorious what the explorer discovered. Therefore visitors to the Exposition of 1892 ought to look upon a completed monument in Washington Square.

Prof. Johnston on Literary Criticism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Two or three times I have commented on some of the late Prof. Johnston's recent work through your columns. On the last occasion a theory was credited to him which he did not originate, and he wrote to me disclaiming his proprietorship and saying that he did not name its real author because it had been hardly criticised. I offered at once to make any correction he desired, and, as we had no previous acquaintance, took occasion to assure him of a kind purpose at the bottom of my animadversions. He promptly replied in the following note, which is so generous in its estimate of the functions cleverly and amiably done by THE CRITIC and so robust in manly temper, that I think it honorable to him, and possibly useful to you, to give it currency in view of his deplored death. It seems to me as if the man himself were characteristically in it. D. O. KELLOGG.

PRINCETON, N. J., March 28, 1889.

DEAR MR. KELLOGG:—I had not expected to get an answer from you to my note to THE CRITIC. I hope I said nothing that would indicate any 'tetchy' feeling. I am sure I write with an honest purpose to try to do some good in the world. But for that I should not write at all, for my professor's work pays me far better. But the reviewer's share is even more essential than the writer's. I am very sure that the whole business is as impersonal on both sides of it as any professional work could be.

Surely the last thing I should think of would be to ask any revision. I should object to it very strongly, even if any wrong had been done, as a thing likely to cramp reviewing in general, which I would consider a heavier misfortune than having several authors (or even publishers) go out of business. I have had so few searching* reviews that I feel a little glad now and then to pay my debt to Fortune, as Frenchmen say, in that way.

I think searching* reviews are good things, and we don't have enough of them. I shall be very willing to call it square if you will serve out some other fellow some day. Meantime I have no parenthesis in saying that I am

Yours very sincerely,

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

P.S.—I forgot to thank you for your good wishes as to my health. My illness has been almost continuous since July, 1887, and now, I am happy to believe, I am better than I had been for a half dozen years. It was over-work, break-down and nervous collapse.

J.

* It is difficult to decide whether this word is *searching*, or *scorching*.—*Eds. Critic*.

Shakspeare's Birthplace in New Hands

THE NEW custodian of Shakspeare's birthplace, 'Mr. Joseph Skipsey, miner and poet,' was born in the old pit village of Percy Main, near Newcastle, on St. Patrick's Day, 1832. Before he was seven, his father, a miner, was shot dead while playing the part of peace-maker during a collier strike accompanied by rioting. His first efforts at verse-making were in the way of cobbling the old ballads sung in the pits by his companions, who remembered them imperfectly. At twenty he came upon Emerson's *Essays*, and found them a 'great awakening and sustaining force.' A year later, looking over the original verses he had composed in the mines, he found that there were enough to make a book; but instead of a book he made a bonfire of them, saving only three or four brands from the burning. Of his work underground Mr. Skipsey recently said:—'I used to go down the pit at four in the morning. We sometimes came up at four in the afternoon, but more frequently at six. In winter we never saw daylight except on Sunday. That may be the reason why my verses do not contain more descriptions of natural scenery. When I saw the outer world, I usually saw the skies with the stars in them.' After the appearance of his second book of poems in 1873, he accepted an assistant librarianship at Newcastle; but the salary was small and he returned to the mines, rising to the position of master-shifter. His 'Book of Lyrics,' issued in 1878, had the good fortune to attract the notice and win the favor of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

The Old Churchyard of "Bleak House"

[The St. James's Gazette]

IF YOU have any business in White Hart Street, Drury Lane, you will probably make haste, for it is not a desirable locality. Yet there is a reason why you should turn aside into an uninviting alley on your left as you come from Catharine Street. True, it is one of the worst quarters in London. Some mischief is always brewing in those tall, overhanging houses; and towards the small hours, you fancy, the brew must be pretty strong. The smells, at all events, are potent enough, and it would be difficult to take anything that could with any approach to accuracy be called an airing. It is decidedly not an alley to write ballads about, for neither Sally nor any other lovely thing could bloom here. But the place has a fascination of its own; for you suddenly remember a certain 'reeking little tunnel of a court' which gives access to the iron gate of 'a hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene, a beastly scrap of ground which a Turk would reject as a savage abomination and a Caffre would shudder at.' And presently you perceive the shambling figure of a ragged boy with a broom, who murmurs 'He was very good to me, he was,' and reverently brushes the steps which lead up to the burial-ground under the archway. Then a veiled lady passes you swiftly, and the boy points out to her a certain spot through the rails; and you see her sink down on the steps in a terrible abandonment of sorrow, remorse, and death.

Yes, this is the old churchyard of 'Bleak House,' where Lady Dedlock's lover was buried; and where she was found dead, 'with one arm creeping round a bar of the iron gate, and seeming to embrace it.' There have been a good many changes since then. Perhaps the Caffre would not shudder now; for the gate is gone, and with it 'the heaps of dishonored graves and stones.' Here and there against the wall you notice a tombstone with an illegible inscription; but the most conspicuous objects are a swing and a hobby-horse. An excellent public body has turned the spot into a playground, and groups of children are enjoying themselves with sufficient energy to convince you that a London street urchin is sometimes young. They are 'turning to mirth all things of earth,' and especially the very grim earth over which they are gambolling; while a melancholy man, in a jersey jacket and a cap adorned with the initials of the excellent public body, surveys the scene without much apparent interest. To you he addresses himself promptly; and then you are aware that he has a very weather-beaten aspect, especially about the right eye, and a certain indefinable touch of discipline which denotes the old soldier. He mentions the name of Dickens, which is evidently the formula of introduction; but if you imagine that he is going to talk about Jo and the nameless pauper who was laid to rest under your feet, you are vastly mistaken. There is no chance here of an interesting argument about that very self-conscious young woman, Esther Summerson, and it is no use going into the question of Harold Skimpole and Leigh Hunt. 'You are looking at my eye, sir,' says the old soldier—'makes me look like a blackguard, don't it?' You politely deprecate any such notion. 'Oh, it ain't pretty, I know,' he says; 'but it shows you the sort of thing I have to put up with in this hole. I had to turn a boy out yesterday for making a row, and he let me have it in the eye with a stone. That's what it is to be care-taker here.' Prob-

bly your mind goes back to Durdles in 'Edwin Drood,' and to the fiend of a boy who used to pursue him with stones and a hideous refrain of which the only line you remember is, 'When I catches him out after ten.' * * *

Have the manners of the neighbors improved since the days of poor Jo? The care-taker thinks not. 'About the worst lot in London,' he affirms with emphasis. 'Do I live near here? I tried it once, but it was too hot.' Words convey a poor idea of the deep disgust with which this is said. It is somewhere in Holborn that the glories of Mooltan and Bucephalus shed a lustre on his domestic circle. And now, as you descend the steps, and stand under the archway, and the old soldier, stimulated by a prospective sixpence, grows more voluble about the contrast between his service to the State and his present lot, and you finger the coin in your waistcoat-pocket, wondering how much will soothe the pride of Mooltan and lessen the humiliation of grooming a hobby-horse, the fancy which brought you here returns. Surely this is the honest trooper, Mr. George, who is going back to his shooting-gallery after an interview with Grandfather Smallweed, who has called him a 'brimstone beast.' And the old iron gate closes behind you; and the dead woman lies there, clinging to the bars, and offering her pathetic atonement to her old love; and the magic of a great wizard makes romance more intensely real than the shabby and commonplace reality.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

MR. JAMES F. SUTTON, who bought Millet's 'L'Angelus' at the Secretan sale, for the American Art Association, proposes to bring the famous painting into America in bond, hoping that before long the duty on works of art will be repealed. The picture will be exhibited here, but will not be sold, Mr. Sutton is reported to have said. It may be given to some public institution, but is not in the market, and 'no sort of an offer' to buy it 'will in any case be considered.'

—*Le Gaulois* regrets that the French Government did not take it into its head to buy the 'Angelus' when it belonged to M. Durand-Ruel, who bought it in 1873 for \$6000. The dealer in question was one of the heaviest buyers at the recent Secretan sale, his purchases including a Decamps, 'Les Singes Experts,' for \$14,000; Peter de Hooghe's 'Intérieur Hollandais,' for \$55,200; 'Les Cinq Sens' of Téniers, for \$12,000; and \$20,000 worth of Franz Hals.

—At the London sale of seventeen paintings from the Secretan collection, referred to in Mrs. Walford's last letter, a view of a water-mill and cottages by Hobbema brought 3300 guineas; a landscape with cattle and figures, by the same artist, 5200; 'A Courtyard,' by A. Decamps, 2040; Troyons's 'Le Garde-Chasse' 2800 and his 'Heights of Suresne' 2900; and Millet's 'Le Vanneur' 3400.

Tennyson at Eighty

LORD TENNYSON completed his eightieth year last Tuesday, having been born at Somerby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809. He is staying at present at Aldworth, Surrey, whither he went from his other home, Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, on his recovery from his recent illness. The newspaper press at home and abroad teems with congratulations, in which THE CRITIC joins with all its heart. The New York Times suggests the embodiment of the general feeling of appreciation and gratitude in 'some visible memorial,' without indicating the form the proposed tribute should take. It says:

In combined length and distinction there is in English literature no contemporary or recent parallel to Tennyson's career. He has been the spokesman of his generation and of that which has succeeded his own in a sense of which it would not be true to say it of any English poet since Lord Byron. . . . The productivity of Browning, who is three years younger than Tennyson, has been far greater, and so, indeed, has that of Swinburne, whose first poem appeared when Tennyson had already been for more than a generation before the public. But neither of these poets has approached what may be called the select popularity of Tennyson. It may be said, though with some exaggeration in both cases, that the lack of artistic form in the elder poet, and the lack of anything else than artistic form in the younger, have prevented them from rivaling the Laureate in the sympathies of the audience to which all three have appealed; and with the exception of these two names, to which a small number would incline to add the name of Matthew Arnold, nobody has appeared since Tennyson began to write whose poetry any competent judge would think of putting into competition with

his. His poetry has given artistic and memorable expression to the thoughts and hopes and doubts of his contemporaries, as its acceptance by them on both sides of the Atlantic abundantly attests. It is most fitting that his arrival at the age of fourscore should call out tributes of gratitude and admiration from all the English-speaking peoples of the world. It would be most fitting if these sentiments should be embodied in some visible memorial that should assure the venerable poet, before it is too late, of the honor in which he is held beyond his own country as well as within its borders.

The *Herald* sees in the Laureate a rare compound of prophet and artist:

He came upon the world at a time when the British ear was not yet fully attuned to the melody of Shelley and Keats. He penetrated the secret of their charm, he made it his own, and he added to it a spontaneous music, individual to himself, whose sweetness was so appealing that it captured the public almost from the first, though the sweetness was of the dainty sort, which is only too apt to cloy. As an artist he has that pathetic yearning for the past which bathes its glories in a radiance snatched from the ideal. The knights and ladies, the jousts and tournaments of ancient chivalry, the splendors of the feudal system, the stateliness, the urbanity, the graciousness of the romantic ages, he reproduced with infinite and tender love. But he is not merely an artist. . . . He is the hero of his own 'Locksley Hall,' who would fain resign himself to a Byronic weariness with the world, but who rises above that weariness by enforced contemplation of the great future unfolding itself to man. Byronism preached the glorification of the individual, the scorn of the race. Tennyson teaches himself and teaches us to recognize that the individual withers, but the race is more and more. Though full of national pride, though some of his finest lyrics breathe the insular patriotism which has a nobility of its own, he can foresee, he can even school himself to rejoice in, the approaching federation of the world, which shall submerge all national pride, all insular patriotism, in a democracy of nations.

The *Tribune* admires him above all for his nobility of character:

The voice of Tennyson was new and fresh and clear. It spoke to 'men, the workers, ever reaping something new.' It spoke of 'the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be.' It commanded instant attention: attention that steadily grew to admiration. Unlike most of his predecessors, he realized that poetry is one of the chief of the fine arts, demanding toil as well as inspiration. The painstaking finish of his verses commended them to the practical, detail-working age, as his subtle fancies and graceful imagery delighted all true artists. In almost every variety of poetical composition he has won complete success. He has given more happy phrases and apt quotation to the treasury of the current speech than any of his contemporaries. He has portrayed innumerable scenes and characters so as to place them forever as imperishable treasures in the art-galleries of universal thought. In early life his popularity increased more swiftly than his years; and later his fame has ripened into a fruitage surpassed in English poetry by that of Shakespeare alone. Beyond all other considerations, however, Alfred Tennyson commands our reverence and love for his innate nobility and utter manliness. Born 'one of the people,' yet descended from the proudest royal blood, he has strikingly combined in one attractive personality those traits which are best in all ranks of English life. He is the most ardent of patriots; perhaps the most earnestly English of all English poets. He is a Christian of purest faith; a humanitarian of broadest charity. He is a staunch upholder of the dignity of the Crown and of all the noble traditions of his race; yet he is equally the spokesman and the advocate of the lowliest commoners. . . . In his private home and family life Tennyson has set an example to the age and given the lie to the mischievous notion that men of genius are not subject to the moral code of more commonplace morals. Such is the poet and the man whom the world to-day delights to honor; the crowned laureate of England, and the uncrowned laureate of English song the world over.

[H. D. Rawnsley, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.]

The fourscore years that blanch the heads of men
Touch not immortals, and we bring to-day;
No flowers to twine with laurel and with bay;
Seeing the spring is with thee now, as when
Above the wold and marsh and mellowing fen
Thy song bade England listen. Powers decay,
Hands fail, eyes dim, tongues scarce their will can say,
But still Heaven's fire burns bright within thy pen.

Oh singer of the knightly days of old !
 Oh ringer of the knell to lust and hate !
 Oh bringer of new hope from memory's shrine !
 When God doth set in Heaven thy harp of gold,
 The souls that made this generation great
 Shall own the voice that helped their hearts was thine.

Current Criticism

MR. HAGGARD'S CONCEPTION OF CLEOPATRA.—There is one quality of genius which cannot be denied to Mr. Rider Haggard: he believes in himself with a confidence which would be adequate if his powers were much greater than they appear to be. His last romance is a direct challenge to the author of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' not to mention Dryden, Théophile Gautier, Charles Kingsley (in 'Hypatia'), and various other writers who may possibly be heard of even longer than the talented author of 'She.' Mr. Haggard has taken Shakspeare's story and improved it according to his lights. There is nothing more wonderful in all literature than the exquisite art with which the dim shapes and scenery of old Egypt have been made in Shakspeare's great tragedy to form a background for the drama of passion and ambition of which Cleopatra is the central figure. But Mr. Haggard leaves nothing to the imagination. The mysterious accessories which in the play are hinted at rather than expressed are here set out at large, in a style which seems to be based in about equal proportions on reminiscences of the Authorized Version, of a school 'crib' to Herodotus, and of the *Daily Telegraph*. . . . Mr. Haggard, almost alone among living novelists, has the power of making his readers accept without question whatever he puts before them. He does not rack his brains to invent motives and incidents which other people may choose to regard as probable or possible. Anything that comes into his head he puts into his book, and he does it all with the quiet confidence of a millionaire who is signing a check for his household expenses. But several times in 'Cleopatra' it must be confessed that Mr. Haggard has overdrawn his account. He deals too freely in supernaturals. His mummy-finding is facetious and his mummy-robbing is impressive, though disgusting; but we are treated to more signs and tokens from the deities of ancient Egypt than we are quite able to swallow.—*The St. James's Gazette*.

DIALECT IN VERSE.—Certainly dialect is dramatic. It is a vivid method of re-creating a past that never existed. It is something between 'A return to Nature' and 'A return to the Glossary.' It is so artificial that it is really *naïve*. From the point of view of mere music, much may be said for it. Wonderful diminutives lend new notes of tenderness to the song. There are possibilities of fresh rhymes, and in search for a fresh rhyme poets may be excused if they wander from the broad high-road of classical utterance into devious byways and less-trodden paths. Sometimes one is tempted to look on dialect as expressing simply the pathos of provincialisms, but there is more in it than mere mispronunciations. With the revival of an antique form often comes the revival of an antique spirit. Through limitations that are sometimes uncouth, and always narrow, comes Tragedy herself; and though she may stammer in her utterance, and deck herself in cast-off weeds and trammelling raiment, still we must hold ourselves in readiness to accept her, so rare are her visits to us now, so rare her presence in an age that demands a happy ending from every play, and that sees in the theatre merely a source of amusement. The form, too, of the ballad—how perfect it is in its dramatic unity! It is so perfect that we must forgive it its dialect, if it happens to speak in that strange tongue.—*Oscar Wilde, in The Woman's World*.

TWO 'SUCCESSFUL' BOSTON (?) NOVELS.—The average novel does not pay the author for his trouble, and often does not cover the typewriter's bill. I know of two recent novels upon which each of the authors spent the best part of a year in writing and revising. Both novels are, according to the popular acceptance of the term, successful—that is, they have been widely written about, paragraphed in the press from one end of the country to another. English editions have been printed of each, and to every literary person the names of both novels and authors are thoroughly familiar. Now, what have the authors received in hard cash for their year's work? I will tell you exactly: Of one 1700 copies were sold. No royalty was paid upon the first thousand to cover manufacture, etc., and upon the remaining 700 copies the author received the regular ten per cent. The book sold for one dollar. The net revenue to the author was, therefore, \$70. His typewriter's bill was \$61.50. Net profit, \$8.50, and the book has stopped selling. The other author was a trifle more fortunate in that his novel reached a sale of 2000, all but five copies. Unfor-

tunately he bought so many copies of his own book for friends, that when the publisher's statement came it showed a credit to his favor of just \$39.50. Had he typewritten his manuscript the novel would have thrown him into debt.—*Boston Journal*.

Notes

A WORK on Russia in Central Asia, by the Hon George Curzon, M.P., will be issued by Longmans, Green & Co. in the autumn. It will make a single volume of about 500 pages, containing maps and illustrations and a bibliography of Central Asian literature. Besides an account of Mr. Curzon's recent travels, the book will contain a discussion of the Anglo-Russian question in its most recent phases.

—According to the *World's* London correspondent, Mr. A. M. Palmer has decided to bring out Henrik Ibsen's 'Pillars of Society' at the Madison Square Theatre. 'I don't think,' Mr. Palmer is quoted as saying, 'that the play would be possible in any other theatre in New York but the Madison Square. But I do think that we have enough cultured people there to make the play a profitable one if put on at the Madison Square.' Mr. Palmer is also said to be negotiating for 'Out of the Beaten Track,' which Sir Morell Mackenzie and his son have for sale.

—An apparently good portrait of an interesting face, in which the eyes are specially noteworthy, forms the frontispiece of this month's *Book Buyer*. The legend beneath it, in fac-simile of the writer's autograph, is 'Very cordially yours, Harriet Prescott Spofford.' A sketch of Mrs. Spofford's career, containing a list of her books, accompanies the engraving.

—Mr. Jefferson Davis has complained so loudly of the failure of his 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government'—the word failure being used to denote the work's limited sale as compared with Grant's Memoirs or even Sherman's—that D. Appleton & Co. have obtained his consent to the appointment of arbitrators to decide the points at issue between them. The gentlemen chosen for the purpose are now at work. For reasons more or less obvious, the demand for the book has been confined almost wholly to the South.

—Detroit and her International Fair and Exposition, to be held in September, are the subjects of an illustrated supplement to *Harper's Weekly*. The writer is W. W. Howard. 'The American Colony at Dresden,' by Lucy H. Hooper, will appear in *Harper's Bazar* published on Aug. 15. The number will contain also a double-page engraving of Westminster Abbey.

—*Outing* will begin in October the publication of a serial by Capt. Hawley Smart, the sporting novelist, author of 'From Post to Finish.' It will be illustrated, and will extend through six numbers.

—Ditson has just published the 'vocal gems' from Suppé's popular operetta 'Clover.'

—From the 'Maison Houghton, Mifflin et Compagnie' we have received a very neat little pamphlet, 'imprimé à la Riverside Press, Cambridge (Massachusetts), pour l'Exposition Universelle de 1889, à Paris.' It calls attention to the firm's distinguished list of authors, and to the fact that certain representative selections from the 3000 and odd books which bear its imprint are to be seen today among the American exhibits at Paris.

—Mr. Henry F. Keenan, author of 'Trajan,' 'The Aliens,' and other novels, has lately purchased a farm near Mamaroneck, Westchester County, N. Y., and, it is said, expects to spend there the remainder of his days.

—Mr. C. H. Lee, of Leesburg, Va., great grandson of Richard Henry Lee, is writing the memoirs of his ancestor, who was a warm friend of Patrick Henry and in hearty concurrence with him in disdain of the acts which led to the War of the Revolution. The 'Life and Correspondence' of R. H. Lee was published in 1829 by his grand-nephew, but the forthcoming work by a direct descendant is expected to be fuller and more complete.

—'The Gospel of Common Sense,' a series of discourses on the Epistle of St. James, by Dr. Charles F. Deems, will be published on Sept. 15 by Wilbur B. Ketcham.

—'Bootles' Baby,' a rather bungling adaptation of the popular English story by 'John Strange Winter' (Mrs. Stannard), was put on at the Madison Square Theatre last Monday evening, with a fair prospect of enjoying a 'run.' Miss Kate Claxton plays the leading part, the 'baby's' mother.

—The lectureship in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, recently vacated by Mr. Edmund Gosse, has been conferred on Mr. John Wesley Hales, Professor of English Literature at King's College, London.

—The Rev. Dr. George Zabriskie Gray, Dean of the Protestant Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., who died last Sunday at Sharon Springs, N. Y., after a protracted illness, was born in this city on July 14, 1838. His father was John A. C. Gray, a well-known dry-goods merchant, while his mother was a daughter of George Zabriskie. In addition to his professional labors, Dr. Gray had published 'The Children's Crusade in the Thirteenth Century' (1872), 'Recognition in the World to Come' (1875) and 'Husband and Wife, or the Theory of Marriage' (1885). He was a Broad Churchman, and the Cambridge Theological School was the recognized centre in this country of Broad-churchmanship. One of his two brothers, Albert Zabriskie Gray, was Warden of Racine College, the centre of the extreme High Church movement; he died last February. The other, John Clinton Gray, is a Judge of the State Court of Appeals.

—Félix Pyat, intelligence of whose death reaches us from Paris, was primarily a politician, for even his plays—'Diogene,' 'Mathilde,' 'Le Chiffonier de Paris,' etc.—owed much of their popularity to the political allusions they contain. Early in life he was a contributor to *Charivari*, *Figaro* and the *Sicde*; but in 1848 he abandoned literature for politics, though it was in this year that his 'Le Droit de Travail' appeared. For his part in the Commune, which consisted chiefly in editing revolutionary journals, he was in 1873 condemned to death. When amnesty was declared, July 14, 1880, he returned to Paris. Pyat was born Oct. 4, 1810.

—A 'Book of Wedding-Days,' to be issued at an early day with nearly 100 illustrations by Walter Crane, is a variation of the idea on which birthday books are made.

—'C. W. S.' writes to *The Athenæum*: 'The reviewer of "Americanisms, New and Old," may like to know that the expression "so long" is in common use amongst the working classes in Liverpool in the sense of "good-bye." And another correspondent, Mr. Arthur Montefiore, writes:

I can offer some slight evidence of its existence in remote country districts of Dorsetshire, among sons of the soil, who speak the language of tradition rather than that of literature. . . . The common American expression of 'mad' for 'angry' is of old standing in Sussex, and the word 'axey,' which is so frequent in the Eastern States for 'ague,' is good old Sussex too. The Americans are not alone in referring to insects as 'bugs,' for in many parts of England we have the 'lady-bug' (lady-bird), 'May-bug' (cockchafer), and 'June-bug' (green-beetle). A 'square meal' is found in the dramatic literature of the Shakespearean era; and when an American asks you to admire 'an elegant sunset,' he is, after all, only harking back to 'Ould Ireland'!

—Mr. George C. Gorham is understood to be at work upon a life of Edwin M. Stanton, the distinguished Secretary of War.

—An article on 'George Sand at an English School,' in *The National Review*, refers to the Austin Nunnery, 'a bit of England imbedded in the centre of Paris,' established in 1634 by an English woman, Lady Letitia Tredway. When Aurore Dupin was sent there in 1817, all the nuns and two-thirds of the pupils were English.

—*The Pall Mall Gazette* bids Pickwickians shed a tear over the ruins of the White Hart in the Borough. 'It was here that Mr. Pickwick first met Sam Weller, who was engaged on a pair of boots. Sam left the White Hart to become Mr. Pickwick's servant. The ancient glories of the famous old Inn have long since departed, and not long ago Messrs. Manger and Henley, the hop-factors, found it necessary to order its demolition.' A spacious set of hop sale-rooms is to be erected on the site. *The St. James's* notes also the conversion of the old churchyard of 'Bleak House,' in White Hart Street, Drury Lane, into a public pleasure-ground for children, under the superintendence of 'an excellent public body.'

—'Lorna Doone' has taken a new lease of life in a two-shilling edition just put forth by Sampson Low & Co.

—According to *The Antiquary*, Canon Barrett, Rector of Kelloe—a small village, situated about half-way between West Hartlepool and Durham—has discovered in the local parish registers an entry recording the baptism of Mrs. Browning. It appears that she was born at Kelloe on March 6, 1806, and privately baptized; she was, however, 'received into the church at Kelloe on February 10, 1808, when her brother, Edward B. Moulton Barrett, was baptized.'

—Prof. Mahaffy, having recently returned from Greece, has come to America at Bishop Vincent's invitation, and is delivering a series of ten lectures at Chautauqua. A correspondent of the *Tribune* thus describes him:

A tall man dressed in gray with a gray slouch hat, his trousers turned up at the bottoms and showing several inches of blue worsted sock, appeared on the platform of a car which arrived at Mayville a little before 6 this evening. His face was broad and jovial, with little strips of side-whiskers

about the color of molasses candy extending half way across his cheeks toward the nose. His eyes were blue and twinkling and his teeth white and regular. He carried in his hand a leather hatbox and a bulky portmanteau and a black silk umbrella, and his left arm was burdened with a striped travelling rug of about the hue and value of a second-hand horse-blanket, and the little party who had come up from Chautauqua to meet him recognized him at once without any introduction as Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, the famous Greek scholar and investigator, an ardent anti-Home Ruler and one of the first of living Irish wits. . . . He landed at Quebec from the steamer Vancouver a week ago last Friday [July 26], and on his way here he has visited Montreal, dropped in on Goldwin Smith at Toronto and lost himself in dreams before Niagara. In conversation Prof. Mahaffy is rapid and fluent, as becomes the author of a famous hand-book on the art, saying quaint things in a brilliant way and with a delightful touch of North of Ireland brogue.

—The Society of English Authors, it is said, will shortly present its members with a careful analysis of the cost of publishing books, from which they may be able to measure their own profits against those of the publishers.

—Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, the lawyer, has confessed to the authorship of the novel 'John Charaxes,' published over the pen-name 'Peter Boylston' by J. B. Lippincott Co. The late Mr. S. L. M. Barlow was, it seems, the original from whom the title character was drawn. Mr. Curtis writes to the *Sun*:

In that part of Charaxes' life and character in which I endeavored to paint a man to whom there gravitated from all parts of the world, by some mysterious law of attraction, a great variety of curios, works of art, and knick-knacks, I had our friend before me. . . . I made the fictitious person, John Charaxes, a much greater scholar than Barlow ever was, but Barlow's scholarship was of no mean order. He not only owned a great collection of books in different languages, but he read them, which is not always the case with book-collectors. He read Latin, French, and Spanish with ease; he understood a little of Italian, but he did not read Greek, nor, I think, German. He read with the rapidity with which he did almost everything, but not superficially; and I have often been astonished at the range and accuracy of his recollection of the contents of books. I have known many men of extensive reading, and many great scholars; but I certainly never knew a man who was immersed in business, and whose life was spent in practical affairs, whose knowledge of books was to be compared to his.

—Mr. W. Philip Robertson of Tillotsons' writes that the editor of *The Week* is Mrs. F. S. Harrison, who, when he himself edited the paper, contributed to its columns over the signature 'Seranus.' Prof. Goldwin Smith's present 'organ,' he adds, is the *Toronto Mail*.

—Dr. William Torrey Harris, the well-known educator and philosophical writer, has been appointed U. S. Commissioner of Education. Dr. Harris was born at South Killingly, Conn., Sept. 10, 1835, and educated at Phillips Andover Academy and Yale College. In 1866 he founded the Philosophical Society of St. Louis, and in 1867 started *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. From 1868 to 1880 he was Superintendent of Public Schools in St. Louis, and in 1875 was elected President of the National Educational Association. In 1880 he represented the U. S. Bureau of Education at the International Congress of Educators at Brussels. He was an ardent member of the Concord School of Philosophy, and since 1884 has been the President of the Boston Schoolmasters' Club. He is a constant contributor to the magazines, has translated a number of philosophical works from the German and Italian, and is the editor of Appleton's International Educational Series.

—A. Lovell & Co. announce 'The Honors of the Empire State in the War of the Rebellion,' by Thomas S. Townsend, compiler of the 'Library of National Records.'

—A sale of manuscripts to take place in London a week ago included Tennyson's 'St. Agnes;' one of Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne; some letters of the Napoleon family, including specimens of four generations; letters from Dickens, Carlyle, Rossetti, Gladstone and Hugo, and an unpublished song by Burns. A letter from Dickens was addressed to a young man ambitious to become an author: 'Think of the vast crowd of young men who can write verse, and of the handful who can write poetry, and rely upon it that the worst you may ever have heard or read of the misery inseparable from a mistaken ambition in letters is nothing to the dread reality.'

—*Galignani* prints a number of items of a personal character about Mona Caird, author of the *Westminster* article on marriage. Her father, John Alison, a Scotchman, revolted, even as a child, against his strict religious training, and later became an uncompromising free-thinker. He first met his wife in Australia and there married her, but their daughter was born at Ryde on the Isle of Wight. The death of a little sister left Mona an only child from

almost her earliest years, and her education was confided to a governess. Her husband, a 'genial, levelheaded Scotchman,' is interested (like his father, Sir James Caird) in agricultural matters. He is a member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, and practically superintends the farming of his two thousand acres of land in Hampshire. Their red brick house, in the style of Queen Anne's time, stands on the high ground in the northwest of London skirting Hampstead Heath. Mrs. Caird's study is upstairs, and has a large French window opening to the south. On two sides the walls are lined with low bookcases. By the broad south window stands a big plain writing-table and at the opposite end of the room is an antique cabinet used as a manuscript cupboard. A type-writer, a letter-press, and other concomitants of authorship, stand about on tables and shelves. The drawing-room is as yellow as a daffodil, and consequently bright and cheerful even when it is 'raining in England' as persistently as it has rained in America during the past few weeks. Hence the title of Mrs. Caird's short story, 'The Yellow Drawing-Room.'

—The University of Michigan has had the good fortune to secure the services in its Latin department of Prof. F. W. Kelsey of Lake Forest University, Ill. Mr. Kelsey will be associated with the venerable Dr. H. S. Frieze, editor of Vergil and Quintilian. During the past year the University at Ann Arbor enrolled over 1000 students.

—Says Maurice Thompson in *The North American Review*:

In England a novelist of the standing of Mr. Howells can take the manuscript of his latest novel to his publisher and receive in exchange for it a check for from ten hundred to fifteen hundred pounds. Even Anthony Trollope received as much as fifteen thousand dollars for a novel. It is safe to say that there is not in America a publisher (not a magazine or journal-owner) who would pay Mr. Howells the half of such a sum. In a word, we present the curious condition of a nation reading more books than any other nation in the world, and at the same time paying to its own writers of high merit the smallest incomes offered to such authors within the limits of civilization.

—Mr. Harold Frederic writes as follows to the *Times* concerning the London publisher, Vizetelly, whose imprisonment for printing Zola in English has stimulated the perennial Robert Buchanan into the writing of a pamphlet, 'On Descending into Hell,' addressed to the Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Matthews:

There is now a first-class misdeed in Holloway Jail, a venerable man whose offense is that he has published English translations of Emile Zola's books. Henry Vizetelly, now seventy years of age, has spent his whole life in the service of art, journalism, and literature. His father was a book-printer, and Henry, as a boy, learned the trade of wood-engraving. He was in at the beginning of *The Illustrated London News*, and after some years of good work there, started publishing on his own account. He introduced 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and the works of Poe to English readers. He brought out the famous illustrated editions of Longfellow's 'Evangeline' and 'Hyperion,' with the now world-familiar pictures by Sir John Gilbert and Birket Foster. He founded a weekly illustrated paper, and personally bore the brunt of the fight which ended in the abolition of the newspaper stamp impost. He went through the Franco-German war, the siege of Paris, and the Commune as the correspondent of *The Illustrated London News*. He has written several admirable books, and now again for nearly ten years has been one of the well-established publishers of London. He is in prison, as I have said, on a three months' sentence for including in his publications some fairly literal and extremely clever translations from Zola.

In reply to the question, 'Whom do you regard as the leading authority on ancient Greece?' Prof. Mahaffy replied: 'Undoubtedly Dr. D. Orpfield, of the German School at Athens. He was formerly the architect of the school, but now everybody looks up to him. He and Dr. Schliemann have worked together.'

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1479.—There is some talk now of a new Hymnal for the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the authorship of the sublime hymn 'God Moves in a Mysterious Way' is to be given to Cowper. I once possessed a copy of *The Gospel Magazine*, published in London (1777), and there the hymn appears, for the first time, over the name of 'Miss Uffington' of Hull, England. In different collections it has been ascribed to Dryden, Addison and Montgomery as well as to Cowper. The carelessness of hymn collectors is wonderful. In one Hymnal Perronet's 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name' is given to Duncan. In the 'Book of Praise,'

compiled by Dr. Martineau, are many hymns whose authorship is, at last, settled by that painstaking compiler. Can you tell me why Miss Uffington's hymn has been given to Cowper? I certainly love, and am much indebted to, Cowper, but do not believe that he wrote 'God Moves in a Mysterious Way.'

LOUISVILLE, KY.

E. H. M.

[Dr. F. M. Bird of South Bethlehem, Pa., furnishes us the following reply to this question:—"God moves in a Mysterious Way" has never been given to Cowper, because it was his own; nor has it been restored to him, because it was never, in any way or to any extent worth mentioning, taken from him. If "different collections" have credited it to "Dryden, Addison, and Montgomery," that only proves that their compilers were hugely ignorant and had mistaken their calling. It so happens that this piece was printed in 1772 and again in 1774—once, I think, in *The Gospel Magazine*, and then in somebody's collection. After that it was easy for Miss Uffington, or any one else, to copy the lines, sign them, and send them to the press—even to the same magazine, whose editor had probably forgotten their previous appearance. Nobody in those days cared who wrote a hymn, and the "Olney Hymns," containing this and the rest of Cowper's, with those of his friend and pastor John Newton, did not appear till 1779. Claims of this sort turn up constantly, being begotten of hallucination or dishonest impudence, and revived by such as love to find mares' nests. Papers of the last week or two show how one "E. W." appropriated Mrs. Wilcox's "Deathless," and one Bulmer "conveyed" Mr. McCreery's "There is no Death." Dr. Muhlenberg was pestered by a rival author of "I Would Not Live Away," and Montgomery's verses about Prayer were maintained to be the work of a Mrs. Lawson. Painful controversies have been waged over the paternity of "Rock Me to Sleep" (if I remember rightly) and "Only Waiting." But if I get "Hohenlinden" or "Thanatopsis" printed over my name that does not make it mine. Autolycus may set up a "claim" to "Paradise Lost" or "Hamlet," but is the claim therefore worth investigating? In such cases, when the point is not settled by prior publication or the like, the mode of procedure is simple. The author whose name is associated with a given lyric is probably known to have been (1) able to write it, because he wrote others as good, and (2) a person of character and reputation, not given to stealing and unlikely to lie. If as much cannot be predicated of the other claimant, the inference is plain and the probability all but equal to certainty. As between Cowper and an alleged Miss Uffington of Hull (who has never been heard of before) the honors are easy. Any one who will take the trouble to look up (and over) the series of *The Gospel Magazine* can get the facts in this case, or some of them; and my marked copy of the "Olney Hymns," now with some thousands of similar books in the library of Union Theological Seminary in New York, would probably give the dates and places of appearance of this piece, several years before it (is said to have) appeared with Miss Uffington's signature. Finally, the Protestant Episcopal Hymnal, as proposed, does not contain "God Moves," and Dr. Martineau compiled no "Book of Praise."]

1480.—1. Please name the best translations of the works, or parts of works, as the case may be, of Plato, Thucydides, and Aristotle, also of the orations of Demosthenes and Æschines? 2. How do Jowett's translations of Plato and Thucydides rate? 3. Is it true that he (Jowett) is about to translate the orations of Demosthenes? 4. Did not Cardinal Newman translate, for publication, Plato and Demosthenes? 5. Whose Cicero, in the original, with English notes, is the best?

HARRISBURG, PA.

F. J. R.

[1, 2 and 5. Jowett's translation of Plato is an admirable one; his version of Thucydides is also praised. Few English translations are extant which embrace the whole works of the other writers named. Bohn's Classical Library affords faithful renderings, executed by competent scholars.]

ANSWERS

1477.—In the sixth book of 'Diogenes Laertius,' there is a story to the effect that when Plato had described man as 'a two-legged animal without feathers,' the cynic Diogenes plucked a cock and exhibited him as 'Plato's man.'

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Boyesen, H. H. The Light of her Countenance. 75c. D. Appleton & Co.
Christianity and Agnosticism: A Controversy. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
Crowest, F. J. Advice to Singers. 50c. F. Warne & Co.
Fay, Theo. S. The Three Germans. 2 vols. The author, 65 John Street.
Hawthorne, N. Mosses from an Old Manse 50c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hughes, Thomas. Life of Livingstone. John B. Alden.
Phelps, E. S. The Story of Avis. 50c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Rita, Adrian Lyle. 25c. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Shepard, Jesse. Essays and Pen-Pictures. Paris: T. Symonds.
Shepard, Jesse. Pensées et Essais. Paris: Librairie Documentaire.
Teutzel, Frances G. The Dynamite Cartridge. Boston: Cleaves, Macdonald & Co.
Warren, I. Elementary Treatise on Mechanics. Longmans, Green & Co.